



ABRAHAM
LINCOLN.

BORN FEB. 12TH 1809.

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PART 3.

LINCOLN AS I KNEW HIM

By SHELBY M. CULLOM

IT WAS my great good fortune to know something of Abraham Lincoln from the time I was twelve years old. He was then a young lawyer. I was permitted to attend the circuit court of the county in which we resided, and on one occasion witnessed the trial of a murder case Abraham Lincoln and Col. E. D. Baker defended the man charged with murder. Lincoln and Baker—two wonderful men. Lincoln, strong in argument and convincing in power; Baker, quick as lightning and full of energy and eloquence. Two such men could scarcely be found together in any country—these two men, destined to do and to die for their country, the one shot to death at Ball's Bluff soon after the Civil War began, the other assassinated at about its close.

Mr. Lincoln (when, as a boy, I first knew him) was about thirty-two years old, and young as he was at that time he was regarded as an able lawyer. The trial to which I have referred was the first one I ever witnessed in court. The conduct of the defense made by those great lawyers produced an impression on my mind that will never be forgotten. Lincoln became my ideal then of a great man, and has so remained ever since.

He was a man of wonderful power before a court, jury, or the people. His power, when he was sure he was right, was well nigh irresistible. I have witnessed his power before a court and before a jury often. I had the honor of being employed in murder cases for the defendant with Abraham Lincoln and Judge Steven T. Logan, the two greatest lawyers of their day in the Mississippi Valley. I was the "boy lawyer" in the case. Lincoln and Logan made a wonderful defense, and the defendant was acquitted.

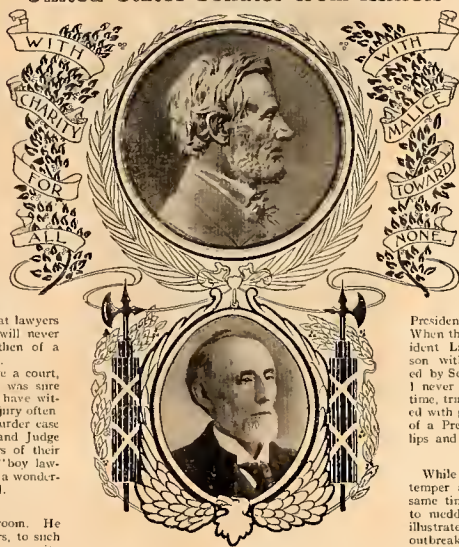
Mr. Lincoln was at home in the court room. He was frank with the court, juries and lawyers, to such an extent that he would state the case of the opposite side as fairly as the opposing counsel could do; it he would then state the case of his client so strongly, with such honesty and candor, that the judge and jury would be well nigh convinced at once in advance of testimony. His statements seemed to render argument in many instances unnecessary. Judge Davis once said that the frame work of Lincoln's mental and moral being was honesty, and that a wrong cause was poorly defended by him.

The story is told that a man offered to employ Mr. Lincoln in a case and told him the facts, which did not satisfy Lincoln that there was any merit in it. Lincoln said to him: "I can gain your case, I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads, I can distress a widowed mother and six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which it appears to me as rightfully belongs to them as to you. I will not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem to be a sprightly young man, and I advise you to try your hand in making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Mr. Lincoln was for a time employed by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. In one of the counties of Judge Davis' circuit a case in which the railroad was a party was called, and Mr. Lincoln stated that the company was not ready for trial. The court inquired, "why is the company not ready?" Mr. Lincoln replied that Capt. McClellan was absent. The judge inquired, "Who is Capt. McClellan?" Lincoln answered that all he knew of him was that he was the engineer of the road. The case was continued. In a little more than two years the fame of Lincoln and McClellan became widespread; the latter President; the other a great general, and in 1864 the candidate of a great party for election to the Presidency against Lincoln.

My father was a Clay Whig. Lincoln was a Whig, and being much younger, my father took great interest in his success, both as a lawyer and a politician.

United States Senator from Illinois



Subsequently, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for Congress, Tazewell County, in which we resided, was a county in Lincoln's district. When Mr. Lincoln came to Tazewell County, father took him in his carriage to his several appointments and generally presided at his meetings. I attended one of the meetings. When Mr. Lincoln was introduced, he spoke as follows:

"Fellow citizens, ever since I have been in Tazewell County, my old friend, Maj. Cullom, has been taking me around. He has heard all my speeches, and the only way I can fool the old major, and make him believe I am not making the same speech all the time, is to turn it ind for ind once in a while."

This was the beginning of the first political speech I ever heard Mr. Lincoln deliver. I distinctly remember his pronunciation, "ind for ind." You can imagine how that caught the crowd.

It has been my fortune to know Abraham Lincoln in all the walks of life—as a private citizen, as a candidate for Congress, as a statesman—and I heard a portion of his great debate with Douglas, which was the most noted discussion of political questions which ever occurred in this country, outside of the halls of Congress. I knew him as President, and I was permitted to know him in the sacred precincts of his family at home. I have studied the lives of the great men of the world; and now, after nearly fifty years have passed away since his death, I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion that he was the peer, in all that makes a man great, useful and noble, of any man of any age in the world's history. His name is firmly placed by the side of Washington's—the one after a struggle founded our republic; the other after a struggle made it secure upon its foundations.

Mr. Lincoln was regarded generally as an ungainly man, and so he was; and yet on occasions he appeared to me to be superior in dignity and nobility to almost any other man whom I have ever seen. I was present when the committee from the national convention that

gave him his first nomination for President came to Springfield to notify him of his nomination. I remember that he stood in the rear of the double parlor of his home, and as Hon. George F. Ashman, president of the convention, presented the delegation, one by one to him, I thought that he looked the superior man that he was to any one present. Many of the eminent men composing that delegation had to believe Lincoln was some sort of a monster—a thing with horns and hoofs. I stood among them after they had met Mr. Lincoln, and heard their comments. The lofty character, the towering strength, the majesty of the man, had made a great impression upon them. They had come expecting to see a freak, but they found one of the princes of men.

In this connection, I must be permitted to refer to another occasion. It so happened that I was in Washington when the President's son, Willie, died. The funeral ceremony took place in the East Room of the White House in the presence of the President and his Cabinet and a few other friends.

When the ceremony was about concluded, and President Lincoln stood by the bier of his deceased son with ten-drops falling from his face, surrounded by Seward, Chase and Bates, and others, I thought I never saw a nobler looking man. He was, at that time, truly as he appeared, a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief, possessing the power and responsibilities of a President of a great nation, yet with quivering lips and face dewed with tears.

While Mr. Lincoln was a man of great evenness of temper and kindness of disposition, he was at the same time a masterful man. He permitted no man to meddle with his official responsibilities. This is illustrated in the following story: Soon after the outbreak of the war, it is said that Secretary Seward advised the President to confine his energies solely to military and internal affairs, and to leave him, Seward, as prime minister, to deal with our foreign affairs. Mr. Seward proposed to submit his views on the subject in writing. The President assented. The story goes, that one day Seward called on the President with a voluminous paper which he had prepared, inked and endorsed. The President took it. In front of him, on his table, was a row of trays. They were labeled, "Secretary of State," "Secretary of Treasury," "Secretary of War," and so on, and the last tray was marked "Unimportant." Glancing along down the list to the last, the President plumped into it Mr. Seward's suggestions in writing, saying that if the things suggested by Mr. Seward must be done, he, the President, must do them. In that modest way, he gave Mr. Seward to understand that the President was delegating the responsibilities of his administration to anyone else. Two months afterwards Secretary Seward had become better acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and in a letter to his wife, he said: "The President is the best of us all."

Another illustration of the same masterful phase of Lincoln's character is a scene which occurred between the President and Secretary Stanton. While it is true perhaps that in some unimportant things Mr. Lincoln apparently was dominated by Secretary Stanton, still on proper occasions he was as masterful with Stanton as with others with whom he was associated. It appears that President Lincoln had issued an order with which Secretary Stanton did not desire to comply. Said Stanton to the President, "Mr. President, I cannot carry out that order. It is improper and I do not believe it right." Mr. Lincoln very gently replied, "Well, I reckon, Mr. Secretary, that you will have to carry it out." "But I won't do it, Mr. President; it's all wrong." Still speaking more quietly, Mr. Lincoln said, "I guess you will have to do it, Mr. Secretary," and it was done.

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WALKING IN NIAGARA

By Edith Sessions Tupper

HAVE walked out an eighth of a mile in the Niagara River above the Horseshoe Falls. Behind me the rapids raced, snarling and angry, like white wolves; before me rose the awful roar and ghostly breath of the monstrous cataract. It was an exciting promenade.

Let me explain. My faith was scarcely strong enough to permit me to walk on the raging, angry waters of the Niagara. That was not the secret. But a great Canadian Power Company has built a giant crib that runs out from just above historic Bridgewater and has dammed up the rapids on the British side of the river. So, for the first time in nearly a century, the whirlpool of the indomitable Niagara has been conquered, and the bed thereof is as dry as a stone floor.

The every-day tourist who visits Niagara goes to Prospect Park, Goat Island, and the Three Sisters. Possibly he may penetrate the little Canadian suite, chiefly to the Whirlpool Rapids and the remnant of Table Rock. But he does not explore the Dufferin Islands, lying up the river on the Canadian side. He misses therefore the most charming part of Niagara. These half-dozen islands are covered with thick forests and connected with the mainland by the Canadian Government has spent a lot of money on them and transformed them into bowers of beauty. The winding paths lead through the green woods and bosky recesses, making one continuous lover's lane. Everywhere are rustic bridges, picturesque summer-houses and graceful arcades overgrown with vines. One summer morning, deep in the heart of these virgin woods one picks exquisite flowers, one smells the odors of bark and earth and the sweet fresh scent of wildly rushing water. One hears far away and muffled the eternal sound of the awful plunge of the Horseshoe. It is an enchanted spot—a garden of delight.

Round these fortunate isles the Niagara used to hurl itself with its utmost abandon and passion, like an impetuous lover embracing his sweetheart in the first moments of passion. Under these miniature fairyland bridges it rushed at the speed of twenty miles an hour. To stand on one of these structures and look at the mad onslaught of the waters as they came leaping and flying down from Chippewa was an experience indeed.

There is one tiny island that lies well out in the river. It is only a step to it by a pocket edition of a bridge. It is only a step to its extreme point. There, on a cluster of rocks, is built a old house of rustic boughs. There is no point about Niagara where one can gain a more exhilarating view of the superb panorama than here. Timid people do not like the location. The island is so small, so frail in appearance, the waters so fierce in their savage assault, that many declare the spot perilous. "Was here, too, that rapids shouted louder in their triumph as they circled round their fair island."

Today, when one leaves the trolley and crosses to this spot, he is directly impressed by the profound, the awful silence of the place. No dancing, foaming, fighting waters kiss one's feet as he leans over the guard-rail of the tiny doll house. He looks out—not

on a roaring, tumbling, seething vortex, a whirlwind of spray and foam and curling waves, but on great, flat, sponge-shaped stones, worn for millions of years by the fretting and chafing of Niagara. Far up the river the huge crib stretches out to midstream, like a giant finger pointing "this far and no further." Over the top of this giant finger glance now and then the glinting teeth of the baffled white wolves. They are there, eager to leap over and rush down again and tear and rend in very wantonness of destruction. But the great finger never yields an inch.

It was the day before Christmas that I took my walk over these huge sponge-like stones, up toward the giant mole, then back down toward the Horseshoe. I stepped from this tiny island out into the rocky bed of the river and surveyed the scene. The mist and spray had frozen on Goat Island and on the trees and shrubs of Dufferin Park, transforming all the landscape into a paradise of Yosemite beauty. The great Convention of Our Lady of Loreto loomed up on the Canadian bluffs like a medieval castle. I strolled leisurely on down past the islands, going nearer and nearer to that tremendous thundering turmoil below me.

It is certainly a most sensational prospect, and toward the Horseshoe Falls. I should not advise a timorous tourist to attempt it. For all the time, even while you are enjoying the novelty of the situation and the sensational experience, you are quite conscious that the white wolves are behind you. And somehow or other you find yourself vaguely wondering if Canadian masonry is considered trustworthy. And the shore looks a good way off, and the roar of the Horseshoe grows ever louder and more appalling.

Then, too, there is the hypnosis of the rapids. They leap toward you—they beckon you. "Come on!" they shout. "Come on! Try this mad dance with us. End all your perplexities, your troubles, your heartaches in one wild tawantelle. Come—come—come!" You strive to withdraw your fascinated gaze from these mocking, tempting waves, but still they hold you. You think that one stupendous plunge into space! What a delightful, what a glorious, sensation! What if—what if?

With a start you withdraw your gaze from the swift green-white water and lift your eyes to the cross gleaming high above the bed of the river. The unhappy who go to their death there give their last glance to that blessed symbol!

At dinner some one gives a toast: "Here's to our Yankee explorer, who with the audacity of his country and the curiosity of his sex, stuck his nose right into the business of the Horseshoe!" You laugh with the others and acknowledge the compliment. But while you sit there amid holly and mistletoe and good cheer, safe and sound and warm, you shiver a little bit as you think of that long weird walk in the bed of the Niagara. You cannot forget the claws and teeth of the white wolves behind you as they tore and snapped at the great immovable feller, nor can you banish from memory the eternal sullen roar of the monster who waited below you, stretching its cavernous jaws and clamoring to be fed.

"No, they only nodded."

"What book did you study when you learned to read?" asked Mr. Lincoln, abruptly.

The visitor, somewhat astonished at the question, replied, "Webster's primer."

"I learned to read from the Bible first," said Mr. Lincoln. "We used that great book in the school. We had to stand up in classes and read from the Bible, each taking a verse in turn, and the one that missed a word had to go down to the foot of the class. There was one little two-headed boy in our class whose brain was a trifle thick, and he had hard work to learn anything. One day, when it came this boy's turn to read, we were in the third chapter of Daniel, and his verse was the one in which Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to be brought before him. These jaw-breaking names were too much for the two-headed boy. After stumbling over the big names he began to whimper in his mortification, and the teacher told him to go to the foot of the class. Another boy took up the verse and the reading continued. When it came the turn of the two-headed boy down at the foot of the class to read again this was the verse that confronted him:

"Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego? Do not ye serve my gods, or worship the golden image which I have set up?"

"As soon as the boy's eyes fell on the names he burst out crying, dropped the book, stamped his foot in rage, and exclaimed:

"Here are those same blanked fellows again, and I can't read 'em!"

"I feel a poor deal like this two-headed boy," concluded Mr. Lincoln. "Those same blanked fellows—Sumner, Chandler and Wade—have been here again, trying to get me to issue a proclamation freeing all the slaves before I am ready to do it. I can't read 'em."

The Reality of It

By Maurice Smiley

MY DEAR," said Mrs. Greene to her legal lord and spouse the other evening. "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day and found this one, which you wrote to me before we were married, when we were young and sentimental."

"What does it say, my love?" asked Mr. Greene.

"What does it say, my love?" repeated Mrs. Greene severely. "I'll read it and refresh your memory. Listen to this:

"Sweet Idol of My Lonely Heart—If thou wilt place thy hand in mine and say: 'Dear love, I'll be thy bride,' we'll fly to sunny Italy and there beneath soft, cerulean skies we'll live in dream and dream of the loved-by-love. Rich and costly paintings by the old masters shall adorn the walls of our castle. Thy bath shall be of milk and rose-water. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy guests. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide and warbling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Wilt fly with me?"

"Well, I flew," commented Mrs. Greene, grimly. "But if I had been as fly as I am now I would never have flown."

"Why, my dear?"

"Why, my dear! When we were married, did we go to sunny Italy and back 'neath soft cerulean skies? Didn't we go to Coney Island and fish for eels off that mile and a quarter pier?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures by the old masters? Isn't every wall and costly painting we have a chromo from the grocer's?"

"Well?"

"Well! 'Thy bath shall be of milk and rose-water.' Do I bathe in milk and rose-water? Do I keep you scratching gravel to get milk for the kid?"

"Kind?"

"Royalty shall be thy guests.' Do I ever see any kings and queens besides the ones we play with matches for chips?"

"Taint my fault."

"Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide.' What music do I ever hear except the street organ or a brass band?"

"Let's go to bed."

"Where are the warbling birds that were going to wake me from the slumbers of the morn? I hear Mrs. McGinnis' rooster crowing every morning, if you call that a warbling bird."

"I am sleepy."

"I was to have a box at the opera. Where is it? Isn't it like pulling eye teeth to go to go to a 25-cent matinee to see 'Little Tom's Cabin'?"

"My head aches."

"You said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since we've been married we've talked and dreamed of naught but hustling for the rent. Well, I'm getting sleepy myself. Good-night!"

And Mr. Greene climbed pensively into bed.

LINCOLN AS I KNEW HIM

(Continued from page 3)

I spent ten days in Washington during the last of February and the first of March, 1864. I was at a national convention in the following June. As I stood about the two halls of Congress, I heard many Senators and Representatives complaining and finding fault with Lincoln. I also learned that Secretary Chase was secretly a candidate for the Presidency. Before leaving for home I visited the White House to bid Mr. Lincoln good-bye. I told him I was going home. I did not know much about the ways of Presidents then, and I said, "Mr. Lincoln, do you ever permit people to talk to you about yourself?" He promptly replied, "Certainly." Whereupon I said, "I would like to tell you a few things about me." He asked me to sit down. I said, "Mr. Lincoln, I have just seen a secret circular, known as the Pomeroy circular, sent out in the interests of Mr. Chase," and I added, "If Mr. Chase is plotting to secure the Presidency against you while a member of your cabinet, I would turn him out." Whereupon Lincoln quietly replied, "Let him alone; he cannot do me any more harm in here than he can outside." I then told him that nearly everybody about Congress seemed to be against his nomination. He took down his diary, and, which I will mark, and showed me that the situation was not so bad as I thought. He seemed little concerned, and I went away.

The convention came on; he was unanimously re-nominated. A short time after the convention, I

returned to Washington. When I called to see the President, and was shown in, I saw at once a twinkle of his eye, and, as I approached him, he said, "Cullom, do you remember that you told me when here before that everybody about Congress seemed to be against me?" I replied that I did. He said that that situation reminded him of the story of two Irishmen, who came foot to secure work. They came to some woods, and as they passed along they heard a strange noise. They did not know what it was. So they hunted about, but could find nothing. Finally, one said to the other, "Pat! Let us go on; this thing is nothing but a damned noise." Lincoln said that the opposition to him was nothing but a noise.

Many of the stories told of Mr. Lincoln are of doubtful authenticity, but here is one for which I am able to vouch. It was told me by the gentleman who had a part in the episode, and he is still living in Washington. This gentleman called at the White House one day in 1862, and found Mr. Lincoln sitting limply and carelessly in his chair, with his face resting on one hand, as if he were ill or in distress.


"Mr. President," said the caller, "are you sick?" "No, I am not," replied Mr. Lincoln. And then he asked, "Did you meet Sumner, Chandler and Wade at the door?"

"Yes; they were going out just as I came in."

"Did they say anything to you?"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION

Delivered at the Dedication of the National Cemetery on Gettysburg
Battlefield, November 19, 1863

 OURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.